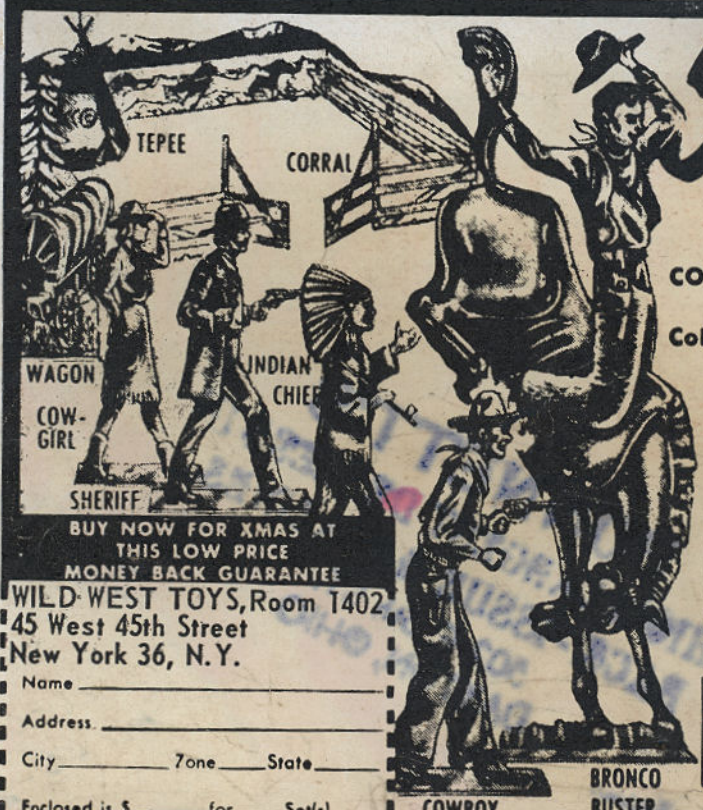

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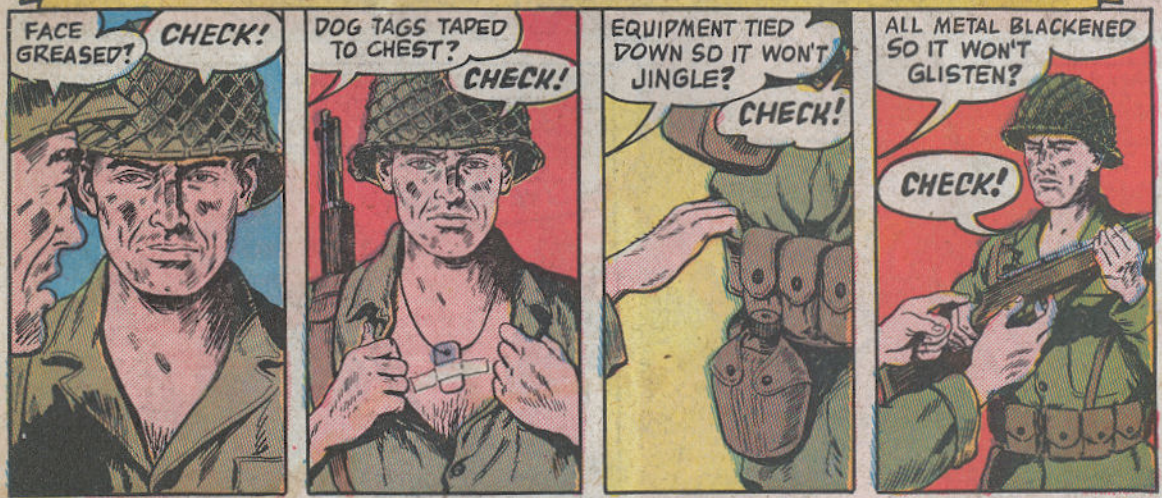
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You've been through it all--attack, defense, retreat--and bitter combat experience has taught you that nothing's worse than what's coming up ---

NIGHT PATROL!

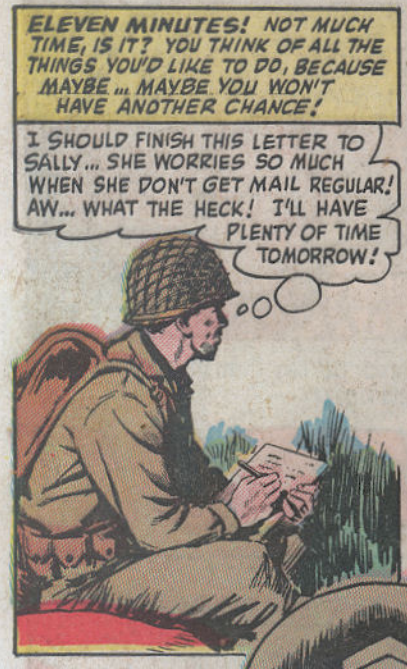
THE SARGE KNOWS YOU'RE AN OLD HAND AT THIS! BUT HE'S NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES... BECAUSE HIS LIFE AS WELL AS YOURS MAY DEPEND ON IT!



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OKAY--HERE'S THE DEAL! REGIMENT WANTS MORE DOPE ON SECTOR J! THE AERIAL PHOTOS ARE PLENTY SUSPICIOUS -- SO WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BRING BACK A COUPLE OF REDS FOR QUESTIONING! GET IT? WE'RE TO BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!
AIN'T THAT JUST DUCKY?


IT'S 23:19... SYNCHRONIZE YOUR WATCHES... WE MOVE OUT IN ELEVEN MINUTES!

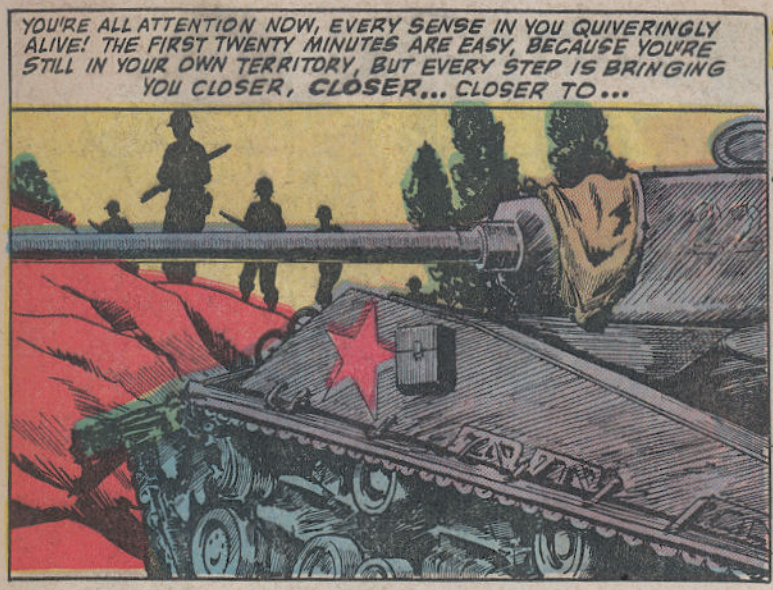

ELEVEN MINUTES! NOT MUCH TIME, IS IT? YOU THINK OF ALL THE THINGS YOU'D LIKE TO DO, BECAUSE MAYBE ... MAYBE YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE!
I SHOULD FINISH THIS LETTER TO SALLY... SHE WORRIES SO MUCH WHEN SHE DON'T GET MAIL REGULAR! AW... WHAT THE HECK! I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TOMORROW!


TOMORROW? YOU KNOW VERY WELL THERE MAY NOT BE A TOMORROW-- FOR YOU! SUDDENLY, YOU THINK OF SOMETHING -- ONE OF THE FEW THINGS LINKING YOU WITH YOUR LONG-PAST CIVILIAN LIFE --
HEY, TONY--KEEP AN EYE ON THIS RING TILL I GET BACK! JUST IN CASE SOMETHIN' HAPPENS! I WOULDN'T WANT THE GOOKS GETTIN THEIR HANDS ON IT!
SURE, PAL-- I'LL HOLD IT FOR YOU!


STILL EIGHT MINUTES LEFT! STRANGE, IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY... BUT ALL YOU'LL DO IS RELAX AND SMOKE A CIGARETTE, BECAUSE YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER TILL YOU GET BACK...
...IF I GET BACK! BLAZES -- YOU'D THINK THOSE HIGH-POWERED INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS'D BE ABLE TO GET INFO ON THEIR OWN WITHOUT SHOVIN' THE LOAD ON US DOGGIES!

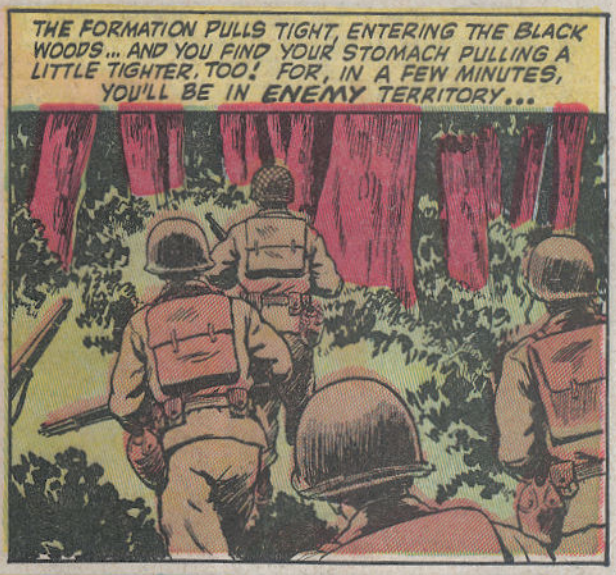

C'MON, ROGERS-- OFF YOUR TAIL! WE'RE READY TO MOVE!


ROGERS'LL ACT AS POINT FOR THE FIRST TWO HOURS! REMEMBER -- EVERYBODY KEEP TEN PACES APART IN DIAMOND FORMATION! WE'RE NOT LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE -- ALL WE WANT IS A COUPLE OF LIVE GOOKS!


YOU'RE ALL ATTENTION NOW, EVERY SENSE IN YOU QUIVERINGLY ALIVE! THE FIRST TWENTY MINUTES ARE EASY, BECAUSE YOU'RE STILL IN YOUR OWN TERRITORY, BUT EVERY STEP IS BRINGING YOU CLOSER, CLOSER... CLOSER TO...


... THE ENEMY!
DOWN! HIT THE DIRT!
EEEeeeeee! KA-POW!


WHAT'S UP, ROGERS?
ARTILLERY CONCENTRATION --- 1,000 YARDS! WE'LL HAVE TO SWING UP THE WOODED VALLEY ON THE LEFT! THEY CAN MURDER US OUT HERE IN THE OPEN!


THE FORMATION PULLS TIGHT, ENTERING THE BLACK WOODS... AND YOU FIND YOUR STOMACH PULLING A LITTLE TIGHTER, TOO! FOR, IN A FEW MINUTES, YOU'LL BE IN ENEMY TERRITORY...


EACH STEP IS CAUTIOUS NOW, WHEN A SNAPPING TWIG CAN MEAN INSTANT DEATH!


INTENTLY, NERVOUS EYES PEER INTO THE GLOOM, WHERE ANY SHADOW CAN HARBOR A RED--


--OR ANY TREE!


OH-HH!
CRAK!

JUST WHAT YOU DIDN'T WANT-- A FIGHT WITH THE ENEMY ON THEIR TERMS! BUT YOU DID SPOT THE RIFLE FLASH... AND THERE'S NO TURNING BACK...



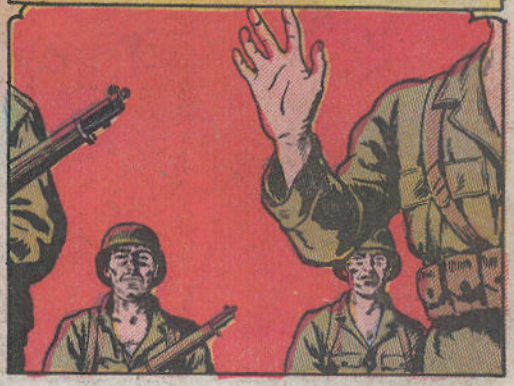




YOU DIDN'T REALIZE IT, BUT WITH THE SERGEANT DEAD, YOU TOOK OVER, AND AUTOMATICALLY, THE MEN FOLLOWED! BUT YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT THAT NOW, BECAUSE YOUR HEART IS POUNDING LIKE CRAZY! YOU RUN -- DEEPER, DEEPER, DEEPER INTO ENEMY TERRITORY-- BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN...



YOU'RE FAR FROM THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING NOW, AND YOU'VE SWITCHED TO A BOX FORMATION, NOW THAT THE SERGEANT IS GONE! EVERYTHING IS QUIET FOR A WHILE... THEN, SUDDENLY, YOU HEAR A TWIG SNAP! YOUR HAND SHOOTS UP IN THE SIGNAL FOR DANGER, AND THE MEN STOP COLD!



IT'S A RED PATROL THIS TIME - GEARED FOR ACTION! YOUR TRIGGER FINGER IS MIGHTY ITCHY, BUT YOU'RE TOO OLD A HAND AT THIS SORT OF THING TO LOSE YOUR HEAD! YOU LET THEM PASS... THEN...



A TOUGH-LOOKIN' BUNCH -- BUT THEM'S OUR BOYS! WE'LL MAKE A BIG CIRCLE .. AND SPRING AN AMBUSH ON 'EM DOWN AT THE HEAD OF THE DRAW! PASS THE WORD BACK!



SWIFTLY, THE WORD GOES AROUND! THEN, WITH EVERYTHING DEPENDING ON TIME, YOU LEAD THE DASH TO THE HEAD OF THE DRAW! THOUGH YOUR LUNGS ARE BURSTING AND YOUR MOUTH IS LIKE COTTON AND YOUR EQUIPMENT FEELS LIKE IRON ON YOUR BACK, YOU KEEP RUNNING... UNTIL YOU THINK YOU CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER STEP!

BUT, SOMEHOW, YOU MAKE IT!

NO TIME TO REST, MEN--THE REDS'LL BE ON TOP OF US ANY SECOND! THERE'S ABOUT EIGHT OF 'EM SO WE'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST! KELLY AND SIMPSON--YOU TWO OPEN FIRE WHEN YOU HEAR ME SHOUT! STEIN AND ME'LL LET THE PATROL PASS AND PICK OFF THE LAST TWO MEN WITH PIANO WIRE! GOT IT?

THEY'VE GOT IT! NOW YOU REACH INTO YOUR COMBAT PACK, AND PRAY THAT YOU GET A CLEAN SWIPE AT THE ENEMY...

YOUR HANDS ARE TIGHT AROUND THAT LOOP OF WIRE AS THE RED PATROL APPROACHES! THE CRUCIAL MOMENT IS COMING UP, COMING CLOSER, **CLOSER**...

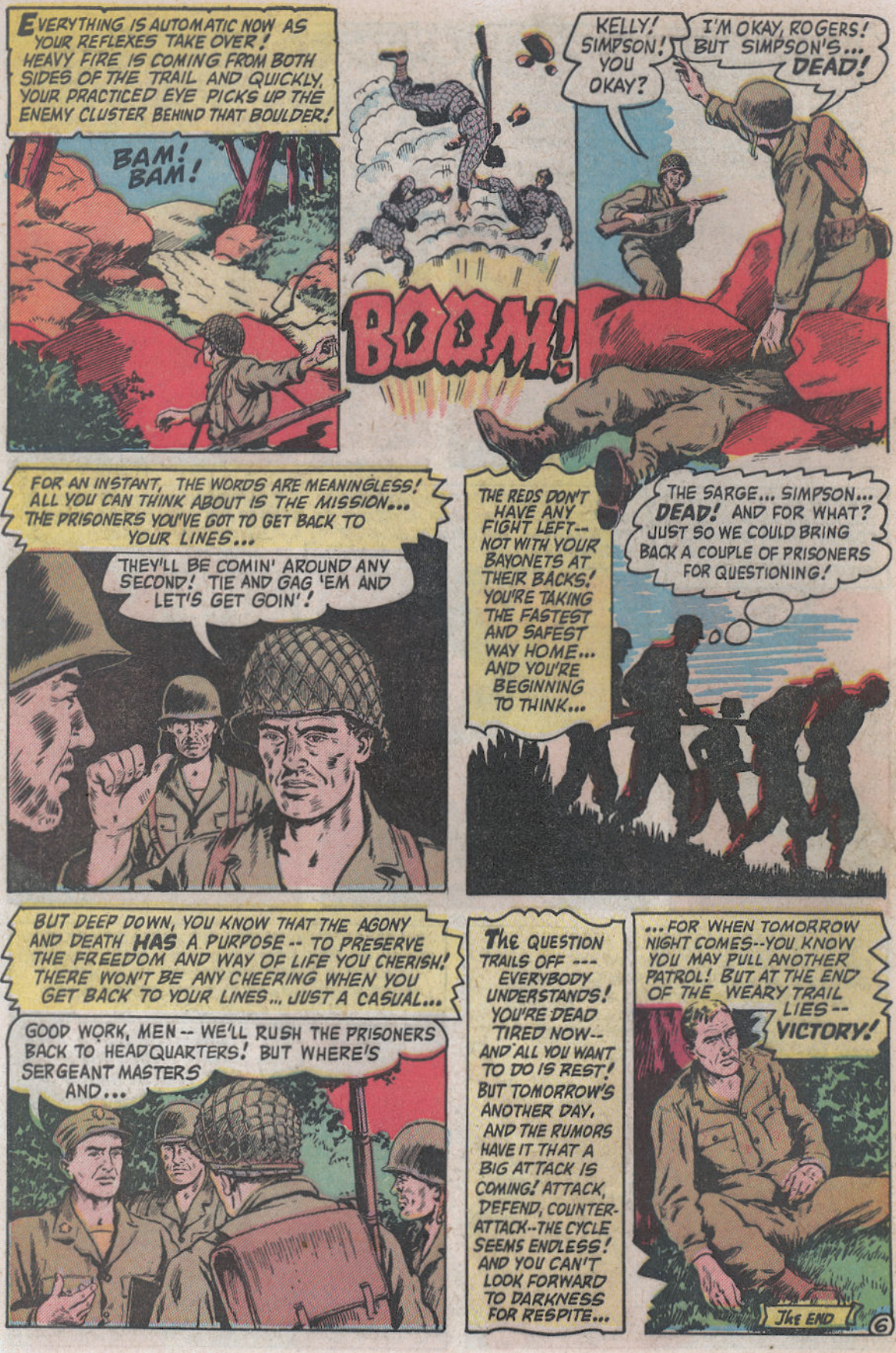
BREATHLESSLY, YOU LET THE FIRST SIX MEN PASS! THEN, SPRINGING LIKE A CROUCHED TIGER...

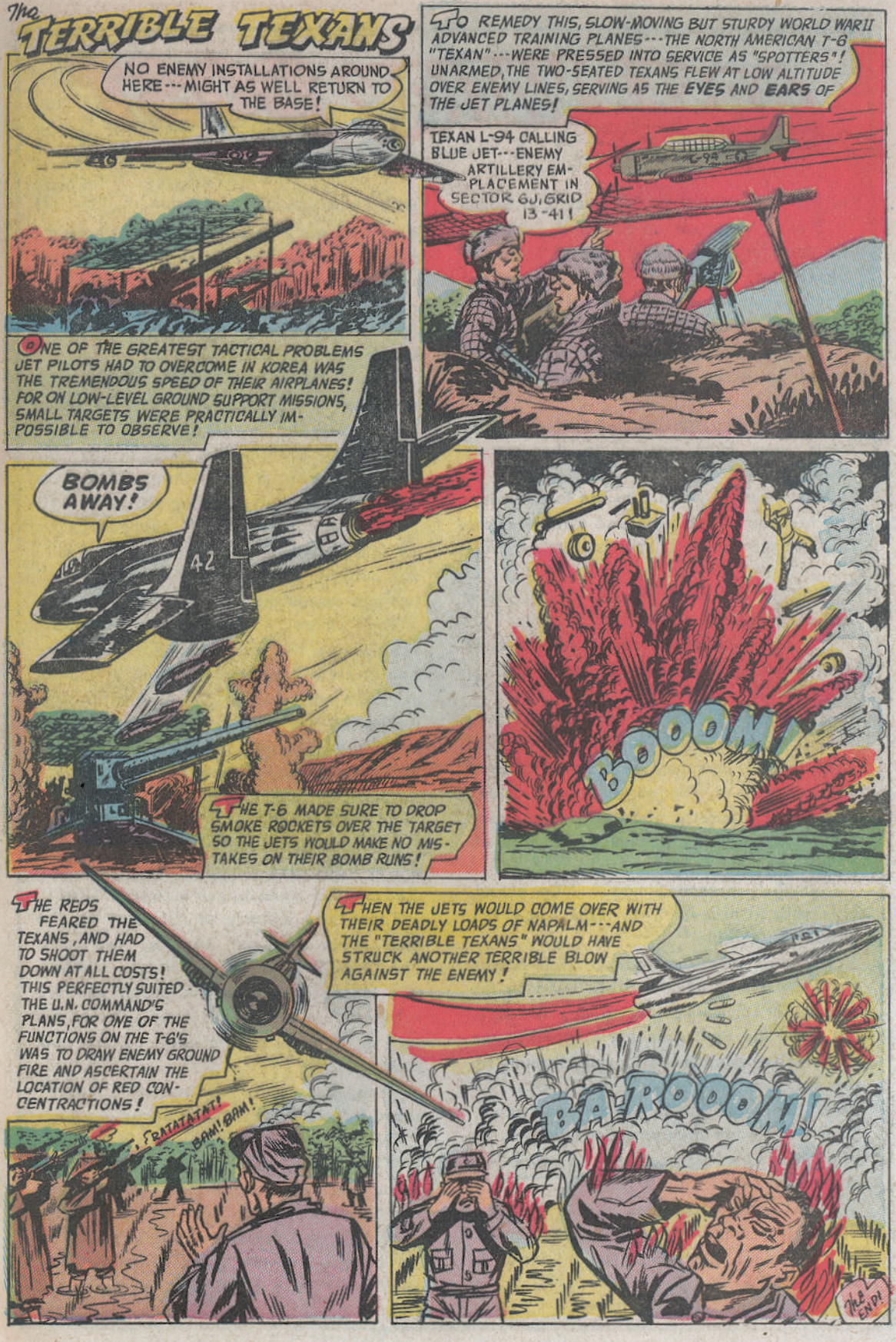
THERE'S A TERRIFIC BURST OF FIRING UP FRONT, BUT YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT THAT! THERE'S A MAN KICKING FURIOUSLY INSIDE THE NOOSE OF PIANO WIRE, AND YOU'RE HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!

TAC TAC TAC TAC! BANG! BANG!

YOU FEEL HIS BODY GO LIMP, AND YOU LET GO QUICKLY! YOU DON'T WANT TO **KILL** HIM... YOU NEED A **LIVE** PRISONER! BUT HE'S UNCONSCIOUS... AND NOW THERE'S OTHER WORK TO TAKE CARE OF!

STEIN--THE BOYS HAVEN'T KNOCKED OUT THE OTHERS YET! C'MON!


EVERYTHING IS AUTOMATIC NOW AS YOUR REFLEXES TAKE OVER! HEAVY FIRE IS COMING FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE TRAIL AND QUICKLY, YOUR PRACTICED EYE PICKS UP THE ENEMY CLUSTER BEHIND THAT BOULDER!
BAM! BAM!
BOOM!
KELLY! SIMPSON! YOU OKAY?
I'M OKAY, ROGERS! BUT SIMPSON'S... DEAD!
FOR AN INSTANT, THE WORDS ARE MEANINGLESS! ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IS THE MISSION... THE PRISONERS YOU'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO YOUR LINES...
THEY'LL BE COMIN' AROUND ANY SECOND! TIE AND GAG 'EM AND LET'S GET GOIN'!
THE REDS DON'T HAVE ANY FIGHT LEFT-- NOT WITH YOUR BAYONETS AT THEIR BACKS! YOU'RE TAKING THE FASTEST AND SAFEST WAY HOME... AND YOU'RE BEGINNING TO THINK...
THE SARGE... SIMPSON... DEAD! AND FOR WHAT? JUST SO WE COULD BRING BACK A COUPLE OF PRISONERS FOR QUESTIONING!
BUT DEEP DOWN, YOU KNOW THAT THE AGONY AND DEATH HAS A PURPOSE -- TO PRESERVE THE FREEDOM AND WAY OF LIFE YOU CHERISH! THERE WON'T BE ANY CHEERING WHEN YOU GET BACK TO YOUR LINES... JUST A CASUAL...
GOOD WORK, MEN -- WE'LL RUSH THE PRISONERS BACK TO HEADQUARTERS! BUT WHERE'S SERGEANT MASTERS AND...
THE QUESTION TRAILS OFF --- EVERYBODY UNDERSTANDS! YOU'RE DEAD TIRED NOW-- AND ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS REST! BUT TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY, AND THE RUMORS HAVE IT THAT A BIG ATTACK IS COMING! ATTACK, DEFEND, COUNTER-ATTACK--THE CYCLE SEEMS ENDLESS! AND YOU CAN'T LOOK FORWARD TO DARKNESS FOR RESPITE...
... FOR WHEN TOMORROW NIGHT COMES--YOU KNOW YOU MAY PULL ANOTHER PATROL! BUT AT THE END OF THE WEARY TRAIL LIES -- VICTORY!
THE END


The TERRIBLE TEXANS
NO ENEMY INSTALLATIONS AROUND HERE---MIGHT AS WELL RETURN TO THE BASE!
TO REMEDY THIS, SLOW-MOVING BUT STURDY WORLD WAR II ADVANCED TRAINING PLANES---THE NORTH AMERICAN T-6 "TEXAN"---WERE PRESSED INTO SERVICE AS "SPOTTERS"! UNARMED, THE TWO-SEATED TEXANS FLEW AT LOW ALTITUDE OVER ENEMY LINES, SERVING AS THE EYES AND EARS OF THE JET PLANES!
TEXAN L-94 CALLING BLUE JET---ENEMY ARTILLERY EMPLACEMENT IN SECTOR 6J, GRID 13-41!
ONE OF THE GREATEST TACTICAL PROBLEMS JET PILOTS HAD TO OVERCOME IN KOREA WAS THE TREMENDOUS SPEED OF THEIR AIRPLANES! FOR ON LOW-LEVEL GROUND SUPPORT MISSIONS, SMALL TARGETS WERE PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO OBSERVE!
BOMBS AWAY!
THE T-6 MADE SURE TO DROP SMOKE ROCKETS OVER THE TARGET SO THE JETS WOULD MAKE NO MISTAKES ON THEIR BOMB RUNS!
BOOOOM!
THE REDS FEARED THE TEXANS, AND HAD TO SHOOT THEM DOWN AT ALL COSTS! THIS PERFECTLY SUITED THE U.N. COMMAND'S PLANS, FOR ONE OF THE FUNCTIONS ON THE T-6'S WAS TO DRAW ENEMY GROUND FIRE AND ASCERTAIN THE LOCATION OF RED CONCENTRACTIONS!
RATATATAT!
BAM! BAM!
THEN THE JETS WOULD COME OVER WITH THEIR DEADLY LOADS OF NAPALM---AND THE "TERRIBLE TEXANS" WOULD HAVE STRUCK ANOTHER TERRIBLE BLOW AGAINST THE ENEMY!
BA-ROOOM!!
THE END!

OBSERVATION POST

IT WAS HARD for Sergeant Cal Logan to concentrate on his work. He and Corporal Simms had been manning a forward observation post in Korea for almost two weeks, and for two weeks they had been able to report nothing but, "No activity."

"You'd almost think there weren't any gooks in Korea," said the corporal disgustedly.

"So why worry?" snapped Logan. "Just keep your eyes peeled on that terrain ahead."

Simms turned wearily to his task, sweeping his binoculars back and forth over the hilly terrain beyond, searching...searching ...

"I'm gettin' awful bored," said Simms an hour later.

"Yeah? Well, ain't that just too bad? Remember, pal...when war *ain't* boring, it's likely to be *murder!*"

The sun had almost set when it happened. Simms' back suddenly grew rigid and his body assumed an attitude of total concentration. The sergeant was calmly smoking a cigarette when he felt a strong tug on his sleeve. Startled, he grunted, "What the...?"

"Shhhh," hissed Simms. "Up ahead, big shot...Chinese T-34 tank, and it's lookin' for trouble."

The two men watched the iron dragon move closer. Logan had his hand on the telephone communication to headquarters, but when the tank suddenly stopped in the little valley just below he quietly hung up the receiver and whispered, "Looks like them gooks are gonna get out to stretch. They don't know they're under observation, which means we got a chance to knock 'em out."

"You nuts?" breathed Simms quickly. "One false move and they'd slaughter us. Why not radio the info to HQ an' let *them* handle it?"

"What could *they* do?" replied Logan with unmistakable irritation. "By the time they got a bazooka patrol out here the tank would be gone. And just one shot from our artillery into this area would send those slants scuttling for cover. Look, boy...all by ourselves we got a chance to knock that baby out."

"And vice-versa," said Simms with resignation. He knew it was no sense arguing with the sergeant.

In a few minutes the turret of the tank opened, and three Chinese soldiers emerged cautiously, looking about.

"Put that rifle down!" snapped Logan as Simms took aim. "One shot from here now and we'd be goners. There are still two men *inside* the tank."

The three Chinese were carefully scrutinizing the terrain around them. One finally lit a cigarette, removed his tunic, sat down and relaxed. In a moment he was joined by the others. At last the two remaining members of the crew emerged from the tank and climbed down.

"Now," said Logan, lifting his rifle, "and don't miss!"

Both men took deliberate aim with their M-1's. The five tankers below were huddled together when Logan shouted, "Fire!"

There was a flurry of rifle fire as sixteen shots rang out from the two guns. The Chinese hardly had a chance to move. One managed to draw his pistol and fire wildly before he was cut down. The others lay in a heap at the side of the tank treads.

"You know how to handle a tank?" asked Logan, surveying the scene.

"Nope," replied Simms.

"Well, I do!" said Logan. "Get on that phone and tell headquarters that a brand new T-34 will shortly be arriving there. Have 'em give the orders not to fire. Pal, I'm busting into our lines in style. You wait here while I go pick up our silver stars!"

The Mauling Medic



MEDIC! AFTER SIX MONTHS IN KOREA, CORPSMAN HANK WALKER HAD LEARNED THE ANGUISHED ELOQUENCE OF THAT SINGLE WORD-- RISING ABOVE THE FURY OF BATTLE ON A DOZEN NAMELESS RIDGES! HIS JOB WAS TO SAVE THE WOUNDED AT ANY PRICE-- AND WHEN THE BIG TEST CAME-- THE PRICE WAS COUNTED OUT IN CHINESE DEAD!

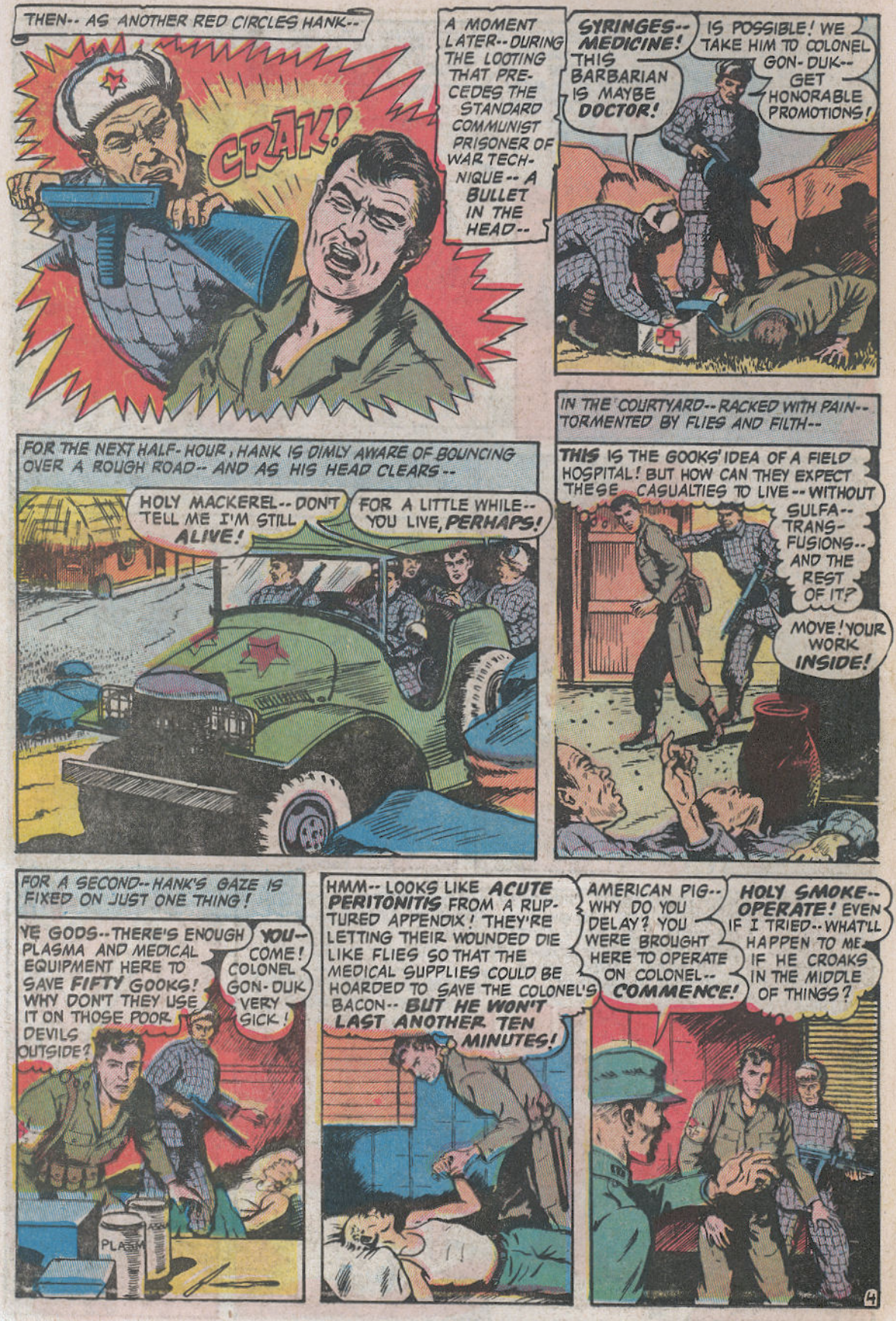




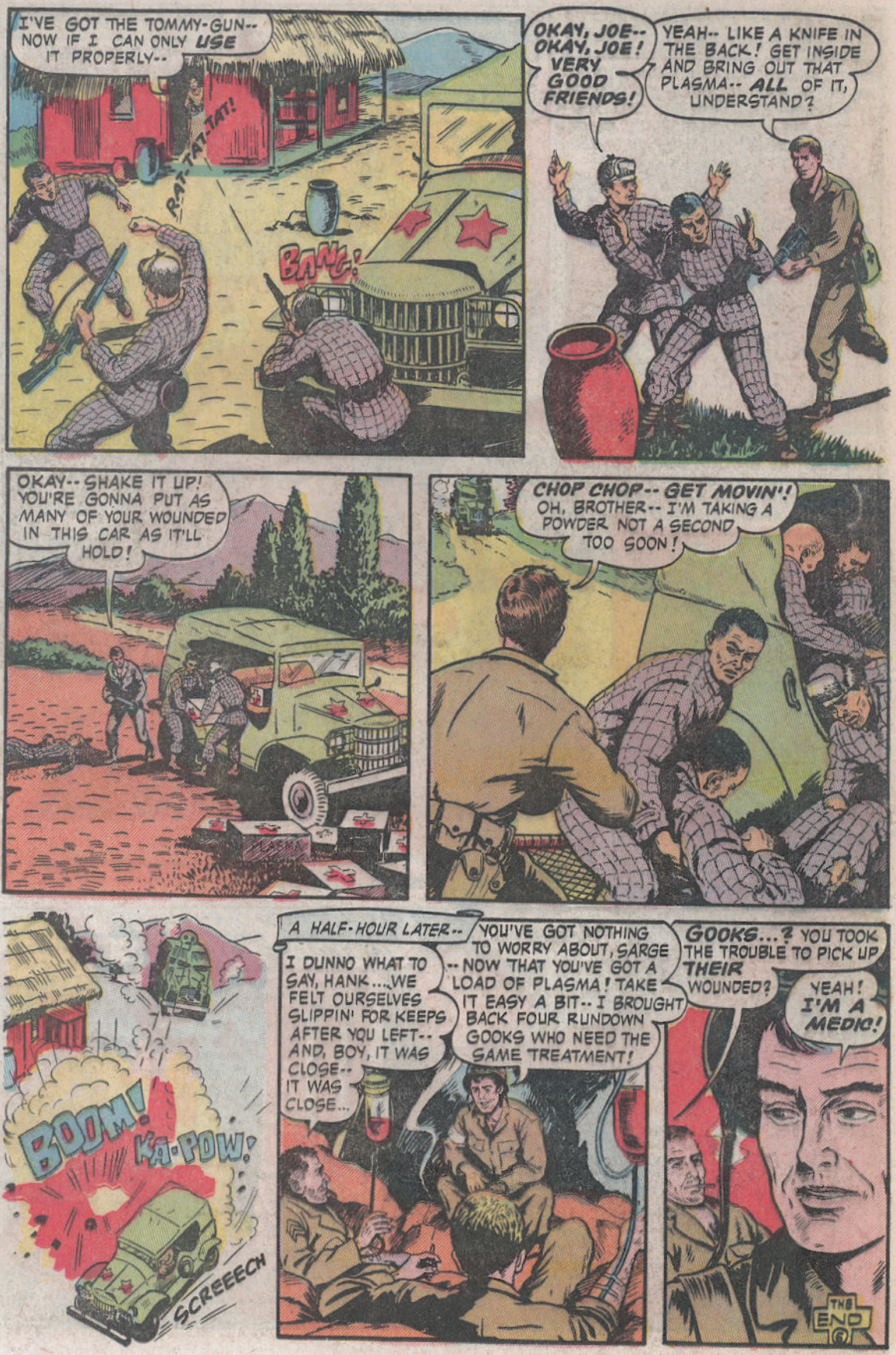



I GOT 'EM!
BLAM!
BUT IN THE NEXT SECOND--
BANG!
CRIKEY-- THAT SNIPER!
AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS BARKING OUT THIS GUFF ABOUT TAKING COVER! NOW I GOT TWO CASUALTIES TO WORRY ABOUT!
THAT'S YOUR JOB, AIN'T IT? WELL-- MINE WAS TO PUNK OUT THAT MORTAR!
COME ON, SOLDIER-- LET'S GET TO BATTALION HEADQUARTERS FOR A QUICK PATCHING JOB!
HOLD IT, BUD! AS OF NOW, THOSE STRIPES DON'T RATE-- I'M THE GUY WHO'S TAKING OVER THIS DAMAGED DETAIL!
YOU'VE BOTH GOT BODY WOUNDS--AND THEY'RE GONNA NEED MORE THAN A DAB OF IODINE AND A CIGARETTE! WE'VE GOT A HELICOPTER SOMEWHERE ON OUR FLANK, WAITING TO EVACUATE THE WOUNDED-- AND YOU MUGS ARE ON THE PASSENGER LIST, GET ME?
A HALF-MILE BEYOND--
BASE HOSPITAL-- WHAT A LAUGH! CRIPES, I DON'T EVEN FEEL NOTHIN'-- THIS OUGHTA COME UNDER THE HEADIN' OF DESERTION!
NO USE TELLIN' THESE GUYS THE TRUTH-- MAIN THING IS TO KEEP 'EM MOVIN'! THEY'RE BOTH HIT BAD-- AND THEY'RE NOT GONNA LIVE FOR MORE THAN A FEW HOURS UNLESS THEY GET PLASMA!
SUDDENLY--
QUICK-- HOP DOWN IN THERE!
2


GOOD GOSH-- HAVE WE REACHED THE STAGE WHERE WE GOTTA RUN AWAY FROM GOOKS?
YOU BETTER! IT'S A FIVE-MAN SQUAD-- AND THEY'VE SPOTTED OUR HELI-COPTER!
EVEN IN WAR, THE RED CROSS IS A SHIELD OF SAFETY-- BUT THESE ARE THE ENEMY WHO SPARE NOTHING-- UNLESS IT CARRIES THE RED STAR OF COMMUNISM!
BLAM!
FOR A SECOND, THE PILOT RAISES HIS HANDS -- AND THEN-- AS A BELLOW OF LAUGHTER IS DROWNED OUT BY A VOLLEY--
BRAKKK!
FOR SIX MONTHS, MEDICAL CORPSMAN HANK WALKER HAD PLEDGED HIMSELF TO SAVE LIVES-- BUT NOW-- IN A FLASH OF RAGE--
OKAY, MEATBALLS-- LET'S SEE YOU GET A YAK OUTA THIS!
BANG! BANG!
EASY ON THE SHOOTIN', BOY-- I'M ALL OF A SUDDEN FEELIN' TOO ROCKY TO HELP!
HOLY CHRISTMAS-- THE OTHER THREE SQUINTS ARE SNEAKIN' UP ON US! ALL THEY GOTTA DO IS FIND THESE GUYS HELPLESS-- AND THEY'RE GONERS!
MAYBE THERE ARE SEVERAL WAYS TO SAVE LIVES-- BUT RIGHT NOW-- ONLY THE TOUGHEST WAY WOULD WORK--
COME ON, YOU BANDY-LEGGED CRUMBS!
BANG!
3


THEN-- AS ANOTHER RED CIRCLES HANK--
CRAK!
A MOMENT LATER--DURING THE LOOTING THAT PRECEDES THE STANDARD COMMUNIST PRISONER OF WAR TECHNIQUE-- A BULLET IN THE HEAD--
SYRINGES-- MEDICINE! THIS BARBARIAN IS MAYBE DOCTOR!
IS POSSIBLE! WE TAKE HIM TO COLONEL GON-DUK-- GET HONORABLE PROMOTIONS!
FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR, HANK IS DIMLY AWARE OF BOUNCING OVER A ROUGH ROAD-- AND AS HIS HEAD CLEARS--
HOLY MACKEREL-- DON'T TELL ME I'M STILL ALIVE!
FOR A LITTLE WHILE-- YOU LIVE, PERHAPS!
IN THE COURTYARD-- RACKED WITH PAIN-- TORMENTED BY FLIES AND FILTH--
THIS IS THE GOOKS' IDEA OF A FIELD HOSPITAL! BUT HOW CAN THEY EXPECT THESE CASUALTIES TO LIVE-- WITHOUT SULFA-- TRANSFUSIONS-- AND THE REST OF IT?
MOVE! YOUR WORK INSIDE!
FOR A SECOND-- HANK'S GAZE IS FIXED ON JUST ONE THING!
YE GODS-- THERE'S ENOUGH PLASMA AND MEDICAL EQUIPMENT HERE TO SAVE FIFTY GOOKS! WHY DON'T THEY USE IT ON THOSE POOR DEVILS OUTSIDE?
YOU-- COME! COLONEL GON-DUK VERY SICK!
PLASMA
HMM-- LOOKS LIKE ACUTE PERITONITIS FROM A RUPTURED APPENDIX! THEY'RE LETTING THEIR WOUNDED DIE LIKE FLIES SO THAT THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES COULD BE HOARDED TO SAVE THE COLONEL'S BACON-- BUT HE WON'T LAST ANOTHER TEN MINUTES!
AMERICAN PIG-- WHY DO YOU DELAY? YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE TO OPERATE ON COLONEL-- COMMENCE!
HOLY SMOKE-- OPERATE! EVEN IF I TRIED-- WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ME IF HE CROAKS IN THE MIDDLE OF THINGS?
4


THEN-- AS HANK SNATCHES AT A DESPERATE IDEA--
OKAY, FELLA--YOU CAN BE MY ASSISTANT! BUT IT'S GONNA BE A VERY TRICKY JOB -- AND THAT TOMMY GUN GIVES ME THE JITTERS!
CHOP CHOP-- OUTSIDE! I CALL YOU BACK QUICK-- IF COLONEL DIES!
HE'S PROBABLY TOO FAR GONE TO FEEL PAIN! WE'LL SAVE THE ETHER FOR THOSE COMBAT CASUALTIES!
NO! HERE IS ETHER-- USE!
WITH A SUDDEN LUNGE--
WHY NOT, BUD-- YOU'RE GONNA BE A COMBAT CASUALTY!
MMPH!
BLAZES! HE SHOULD BLACK OUT IN ANOTHER TEN SECONDS-- BUT HAVING JUST ONE HAND FREE IS KINDA RUGGED!
POW!
CRASH!
AH-HA! TREACHEROUS FOOL-- NOW YOU DIE!
ONLY-- ONE CHANCE---
AAAGHHHH!
SLOW-FOOTED OXEN-- HURRY! MURDEROUS AMERICAN IS UNLEASHING MASSACRE!
POW!
5


I'VE GOT THE TOMMY-GUN-- NOW IF I CAN ONLY USE IT PROPERLY--
RA-TAT-TAT!
BANG!
OKAY, JOE-- OKAY, JOE! VERY GOOD FRIENDS!
YEAH-- LIKE A KNIFE IN THE BACK! GET INSIDE AND BRING OUT THAT PLASMA-- ALL OF IT, UNDERSTAND?
OKAY-- SHAKE IT UP! YOU'RE GONNA PUT AS MANY OF YOUR WOUNDED IN THIS CAR AS IT'LL HOLD!
CHOP CHOP-- GET MOVIN'!
OH, BROTHER-- I'M TAKING A POWDER NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
BOOM! KA-POW!
SCREEECH
A HALF-HOUR LATER--
I DUNNO WHAT TO SAY, HANK...WE FELT OURSELVES SLIPPIN' FOR KEEPS AFTER YOU LEFT-- AND, BOY, IT WAS CLOSE-- IT WAS CLOSE...
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, SARGE -- NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT A LOAD OF PLASMA! TAKE IT EASY A BIT-- I BROUGHT BACK FOUR RUNDOWN GOOKS WHO NEED THE SAME TREATMENT!
GOOKS...? YOU TOOK THE TROUBLE TO PICK UP THEIR WOUNDED?
YEAH! I'M A MEDIC!
THE END



Out of the Unknown ... TO YOU!

That's ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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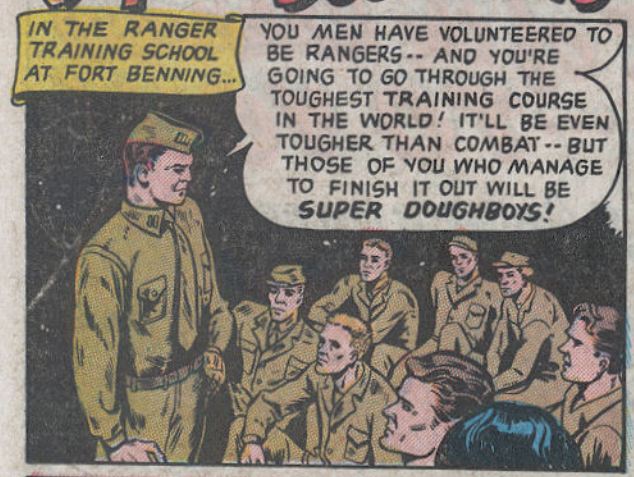
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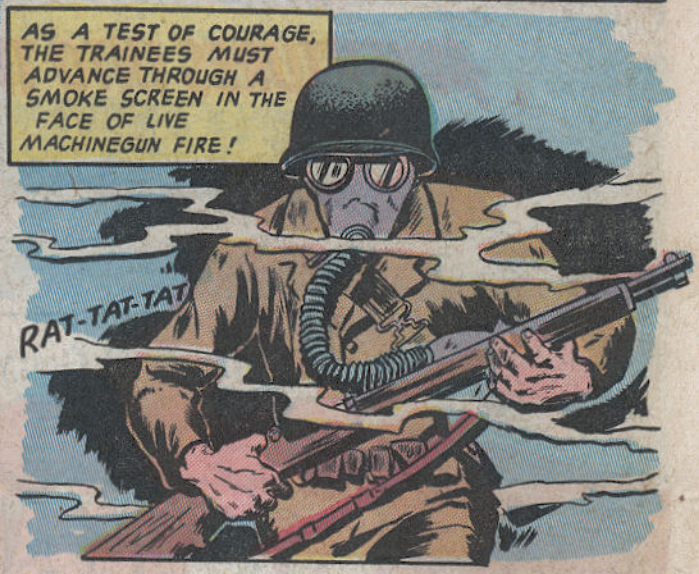
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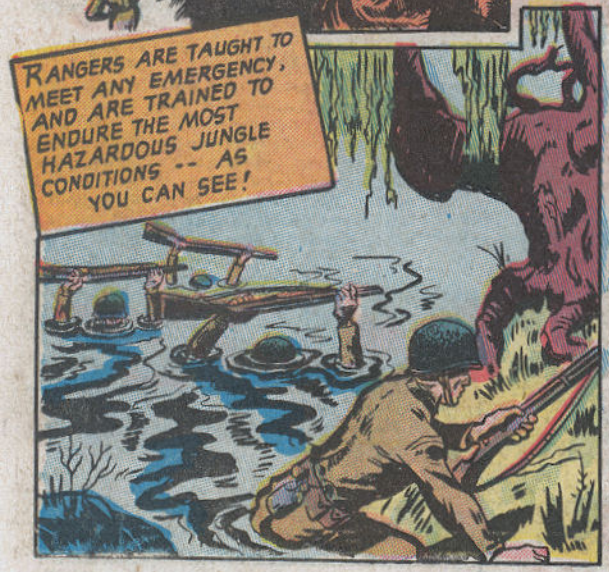
Super DOUGHBOYS













EVERY MOVE THAT PFC. FLOYD BAYER MADE WAS CAREFULLY PLANNED AND WELL CALCULATED! HE WAS PLAYING THE PERCENTAGES, AND SO FAR, HE WAS LUCKY! BUT WHEN LADY LUCK TURNED FICKLE, HE REALIZED, ALL TOO BITTERLY, THAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFER AND WISER TO HAVE PLACED HIS FAITH IN A---

BUDDY!

IN A CAUTIOUS ADVANCE, A MARINE OUTFIT PROBED THE OUTER PERIMETER OF A RED STRONGHOLD---

HOW ABOUT US HEADIN' STRAIGHT ON, FLOYD? YOU CAN KEEP A FEW PACES BEHIND AND COVER ME IN CASE OF FIRE!

I DON'T GO FOR THE DOUBLE APPROACH--- TOO RISKY!

HEY! WHERE YOU GOIN'?

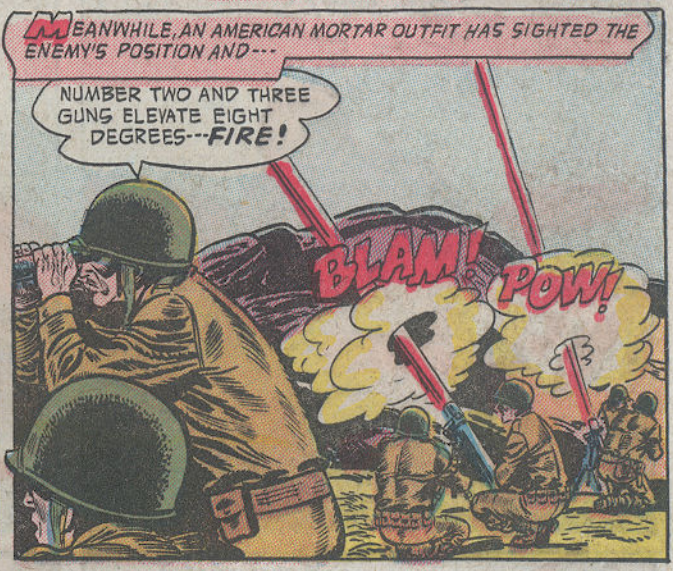
JUST KEEPIN' A SAFE DISTANCE! YOU GO ***YOUR*** WAY, PAL---AND I'LL GO ***MINE***!


THAT GUY'S A REAL CHARACTER ---ALWAYS WORKS ALONE! SOMEDAY HE'S GONNA---
BA-ROOM!
ARRGHHH!
AND HE WANTED ME TO TAG ALONG WITH HIM! WE BOTH WOULD HAVE GOT IT!
C'MON, YOU GUYS! HIT THAT RIDGE UP AHEAD--- THEY'VE GOT US SPOTTED!
SPOTTED AIN'T THE WORD FOR IT--- THEY'VE GOT US CORNERED!
BRATATATAT!
BRATATATAT!
WE'LL BE GETTIN' MORTAR SUPPORT IN A LITTLE WHILE ---BUT MEANWHILE, WE'LL HAVE TO HOLE UP HERE! ONCE THEY FLUSH 'EM OUT WE CAN GET MOVIN' AGAIN!
SURE WE'LL BE MOVIN' AGAIN---ONLY FEET FIRST! IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES, THEN REDS'LL BE BLOWING THIS RIDGE AN' US SKY-HIGH!
IT'S A BIG COUNTRY, FLOYD--- WHY DON'T YOU CRAWL OFF SOMEWHERE BY YOURSELF? YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT IT!
WHY, YOU---


SUDDENLY---
VROOOOOM!
THEY CAN THINK WHAT THEY LIKE, BUT I'M PULLIN' OUTA HERE!


STICKIN' IN A GROUP NEVER MADE SENSE TO ME ANYWAY! A BUNCH OF GUYS ALWAYS DRAW A LOTTA FIRE --- BUT A GUY ON HIS OWN STANDS A BETTER CHANCE! NO POINT WORRYIN' ABOUT ANYONE'S SKIN BUT YOUR OWN --- THAT'S MY MOTTO!

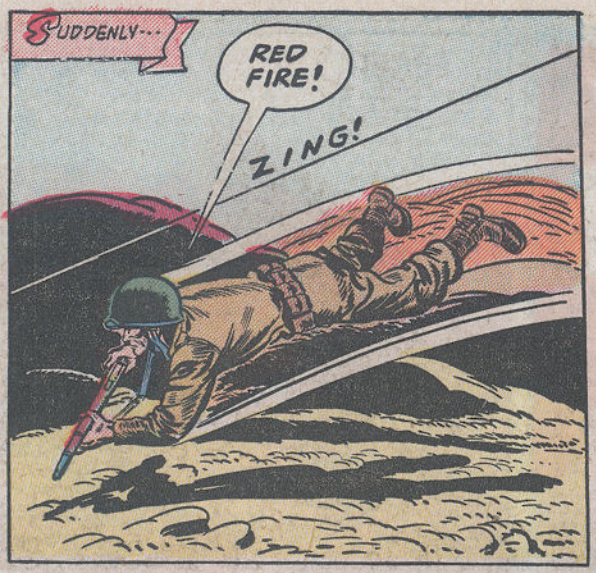

I WOULDN'T LET HIM WALK OFF, SARGE! I'D MAKE THAT CREEP STAY PUT!
THERE'S NOTHIN' TO GAIN THAT WAY, BOB! HE HAS TO LEARN HOW WRONG HE IS, BUT IN HIS OWN WAY!


MEANWHILE, AN AMERICAN MORTAR OUTFIT HAS SIGHTED THE ENEMY'S POSITION AND---
NUMBER TWO AND THREE GUNS ELEVATE EIGHT DEGREES---FIRE!
BLAM!
POW!


IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE RED POSITION WAS BLANKETED!
VROOOM!
POW!


MOMENTS LATER---
I GUESS OUR BATTERY KNOCKED OUT THE REDS AT THAT! MAY AS WELL CROSS BACK NOW AND JOIN THE MAIN ADVANCE!


THE BOYS CAN'T BE FAR NOW! PROBABLY RIGHT OVER THAT RIDGE UP AHEAD!


SUDDENLY···
RED FIRE!
ZING!


I'M IN FOR IT THIS TIME! THEY'VE GOT ME CUT OFF···AND I CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! BUT IF I CAN LOCATE THEIR FIRE, I MIGHT STAND A CHANCE TO PICK 'EM OFF! ANYWAY···HERE GOES!


OW··WW!
SPLANG!




OH·HH!
THUD!


NO···
NO···


SUDDENLY---
ARGH!
CRACK!
SARGE! LOOK OUT!
WHAM!
BANG! BANG!
I---I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS YOU, SARGE! I STILL CAN'T ---NOT AFTER WHAT I SAID AND DID!
AND I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU, FLOYD! I HEARD THE SHOOTING AND FIGURED SOMEONE WAS IN A JAM! MAYBE IF I DID KNOW, I WOULD'VE---
STAYED WHERE YOU WERE, HUH? I DON'T BLAME YOU AFTER MY ATTITUDE! I THOUGHT I WAS PLAYIN' THE PERCENTAGES SMART, BUT I WAS PLAYIN' MYSELF FOR A SUCKER ALL ALONG! IT TOOK A WHILE TO CATCH ON---BUT A GUY CAN USE A BUDDY IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!
YOU BET, FLOYD ---AND IT WORKS TWO WAYS! REMEMBER, YOU SAVED MY SKIN TOO!
THE OUTFIT ISN'T FAR! SUPPOSE I TAKE THE LEAD AND YOU COVER?
RIGHT! YOU DON'T KNOW IT, SARGE, BUT YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A SECOND SHADOW! I'M YOUR BUDDY NOW!
THE END!

RIVER CROSSING

THE FIRST HALF of the patrol went smoothly. Lt. Joe Renshaw and Sgt. Tim Cullen had paddled the light rubber boat safely across the extremely swift Yingshi river without being picked up by sentries on the enemy side. Once across they carried the raft several dozen yards into a thicket where chances were a thousand to one it would not be discovered before dawn.

Satisfied with the successful completion of the first phase of their assignment, the two men skillfully reconnoitered almost two miles of the Chinese held north bank of the Yingshi. Their mission was to bring back detailed reports of installations and troop concentrations, since recent aerial photographs had shown suspicious activity in the area.

The mission took almost six hours. Certain that they had learned as much as possible without seriously jeopardizing a safe return to friendly lines, the two men traveled swiftly back to where they had left the boat. As they approached they slowed their speed, finally advancing with extreme caution.

Their deliberateness proved wise, for when they had come within thirty yards of the thicket they were stopped cold by the drone of low voices. Quickly the two men hit the ground and crawled forward. Excited Chinese mumblings were quite clear by now.

"They've discovered the raft," whispered Lt. Renshaw. "Cripes, without it we're trapped on this side, because the river current's too swift to swim in. C'mon."

They inched forward to within feet of the thicket. Two Chinese soldiers were silhouetted against the brightening sky. Renshaw brought the edge of his palm quickly up to his throat, the signal to attack with piano wire. Nodding agreement, the two Americans crouched, then bounded forward. The Chinese were caught off guard, but one managed a single agonized scream before the wire choked off his breath forever.

Lt. Renshaw abandoned all thoughts of patrol security. The dying shout had no doubt carried far, and scores of enemy soldiers would soon be on the scene. Swiftly they jerked the rubber boat to their shoulders and sprinted for the river. In a moment they had flung the craft into the current and were paddling furiously.

But it was one yard downstream for every yard across in the treacherous stream. Both men were absolutely silent, bending every energy to the grim task. The sky was becoming bright quickly. The river was in dull grey in the light before dawn when the first shots rang out.

"Pull!" shouted the lieutenant, but Sgt. Cullen needed no urging. A salvo of small arms fire began kicking up sprays in the foaming water. "It'll be light enough soon for them to pick us off like flies!" yelled the sergeant. "C'mon, Loot, pull!"

Their paddles churned like pistons in the water, bringing them ever closer to safety. But when they were still more than sixty yards from their shore, the sun rose. "Jump!" they yelled simultaneously, as the river was lit by golden fire. They hit the cold water together, as a spray of shots rattled around them. "We don't have a chance!" gasped Cullen, swimming furiously, clutching the raft with one hand while the lieutenant did the same.

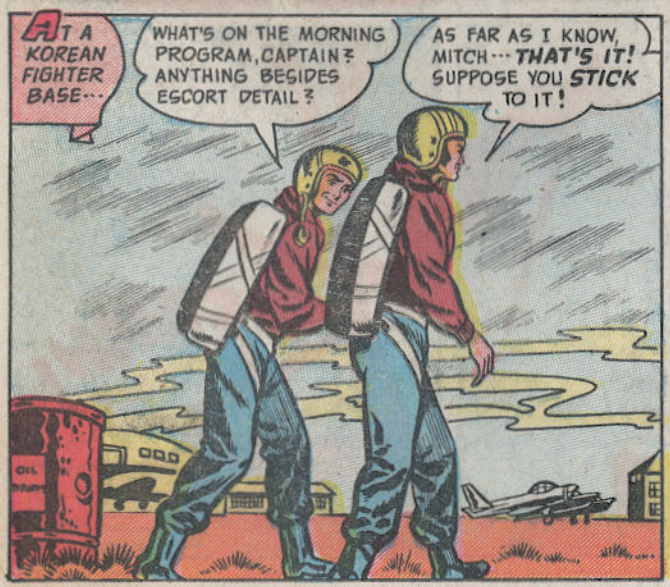
At that moment there was a mortar burst on the Chinese shore. "Look!" screamed Renshaw, "Look! Our boys are dropping *smoke* shells on 'em! We'll *make* it! We're gonna *make* it!"

Sgt. Cullen lifted his head to watch the awesome sight of hundreds of smoke shells exploding all along the water's edge on the Chinese side. Swiftly the entire enemy shore was obscured, making accurate firing impossible. And under such protection, it took only a few minutes before their grasping fingers touched the friendly shore.

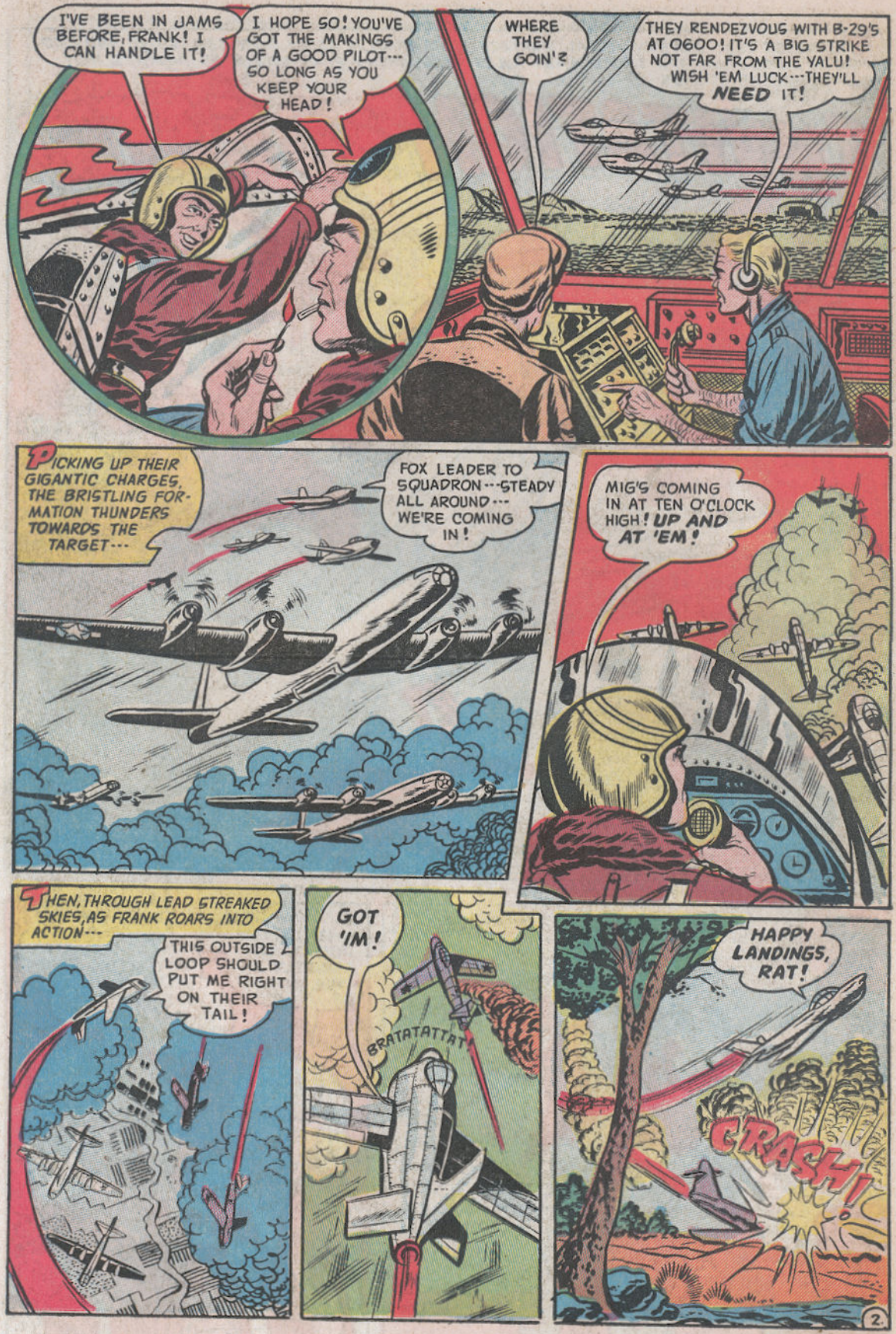
THE RULES THAT GOVERN AERIAL WARFARE WERE BORN IN AGONY, BAPTIZED IN FIRE AND PAID FOR IN LIVES! THEY ARE **HARD, FAST** RULES---AND WHEN A PILOT **VIOLATES** THEM, IT'S THE SAME THING AS SENDING AN ---

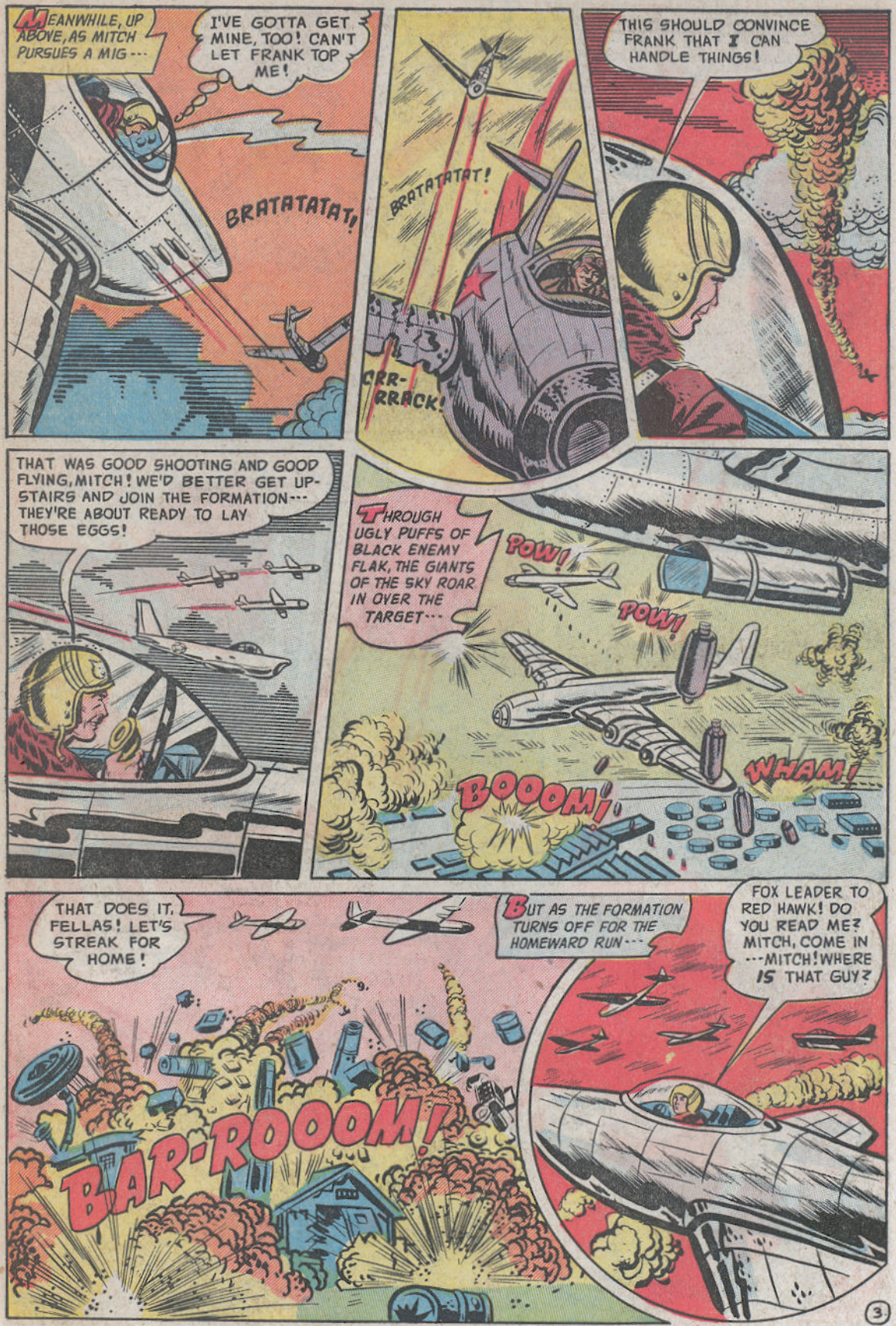
INVITATION to DEATH!

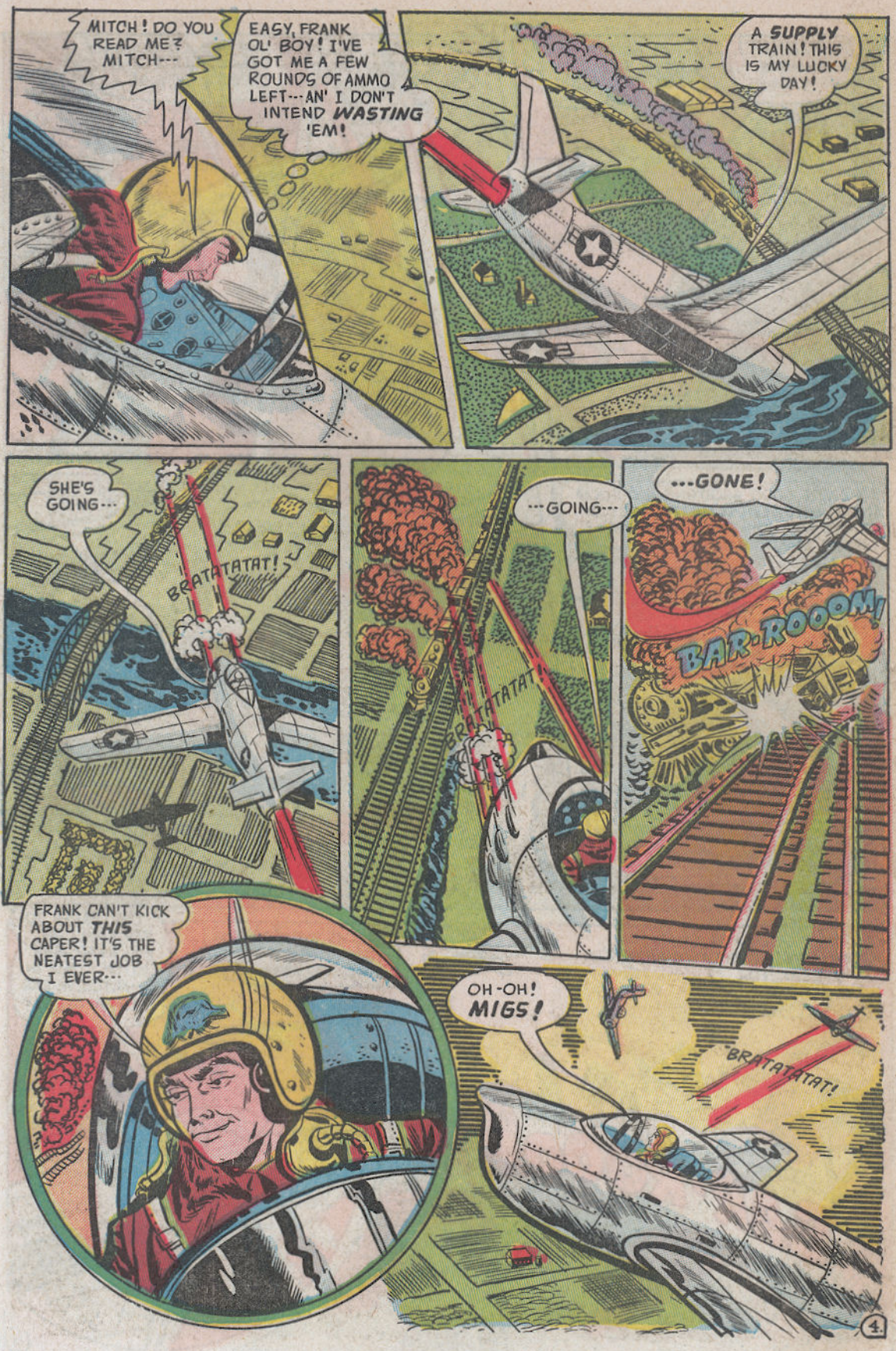







I'VE BEEN IN JAMS BEFORE, FRANK! I CAN HANDLE IT!
I HOPE SO! YOU'VE GOT THE MAKINGS OF A GOOD PILOT--- SO LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD!
WHERE THEY GOIN'?
THEY RENDEZVOUS WITH B-29'S AT 0600! IT'S A BIG STRIKE NOT FAR FROM THE YALU! WISH 'EM LUCK---THEY'LL NEED IT!
PICKING UP THEIR GIGANTIC CHARGES, THE BRISTLING FORMATION THUNDERS TOWARDS THE TARGET---
FOX LEADER TO SQUADRON---STEADY ALL AROUND--- WE'RE COMING IN!
MIG'S COMING IN AT TEN O'CLOCK HIGH! UP AND AT 'EM!
THEN, THROUGH LEAD STREAKED SKIES, AS FRANK ROARS INTO ACTION---
THIS OUTSIDE LOOP SHOULD PUT ME RIGHT ON THEIR TAIL!
GOT 'IM!
BRATATATTAT
HAPPY LANDINGS, RAT!
CRASH!
2.


MEANWHILE, UP ABOVE, AS MITCH PURSUES A MIG---
I'VE GOTTA GET MINE, TOO! CAN'T LET FRANK TOP ME!
BRATATATAT!
BRATATATAT!
CRR-RRACK!
THIS SHOULD CONVINCE FRANK THAT I CAN HANDLE THINGS!
THAT WAS GOOD SHOOTING AND GOOD FLYING, MITCH! WE'D BETTER GET UPSTAIRS AND JOIN THE FORMATION--- THEY'RE ABOUT READY TO LAY THOSE EGGS!
THROUGH UGLY PUFFS OF BLACK ENEMY FLAK, THE GIANTS OF THE SKY ROAR IN OVER THE TARGET---
POW!
POW!
WHAM!
BOOOM!
THAT DOES IT, FELLAS! LET'S STREAK FOR HOME!
BUT AS THE FORMATION TURNS OFF FOR THE HOMEWARD RUN---
FOX LEADER TO RED HAWK! DO YOU READ ME? MITCH, COME IN ---MITCH! WHERE IS THAT GUY?
BAR-ROOOM!


MITCH! DO YOU READ ME? MITCH---
EASY, FRANK OL' BOY! I'VE GOT ME A FEW ROUNDS OF AMMO LEFT---AN' I DON'T INTEND WASTING 'EM!
A SUPPLY TRAIN! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!
SHE'S GOING---
BRATATATAT!
---GOING---
BRATATATAT!
---GONE!
BAR-ROOOM!
FRANK CAN'T KICK ABOUT THIS CAPER! IT'S THE NEATEST JOB I EVER---
OH-OH! MIGS!
BRATATATAT!
4


GREAT GUNS! I'M OUT OF AMMO! I DON'T STAND A CHANCE!
BRRATT!
TATTAT-TATAT!
AS A RED PILOT CLOSES IN FOR THE KILL---
YANKEE DOG HELPLESS--- NOW HE DIE!
SUDDENLY---
KAT-TAT-TAT!
THIS IS THE LAST OF MY AMMO---AND THERE'S STILL ONE MIG TO GO!
BOOM!
IN A SUDDEN MANEUVER FRANK STREAKS FOR A CLOUD BANK, THE MIG IN HOT PURSUIT-
IF I CAN LEAD HIM INTO THIS CLOUD BANK, I MIGHT SHAKE THAT BABY!
MY LUCK'S WITH ME! I FIGURED THAT MOUNTAIN WAS OVER THIS WAY! WELL, HERE GOES!

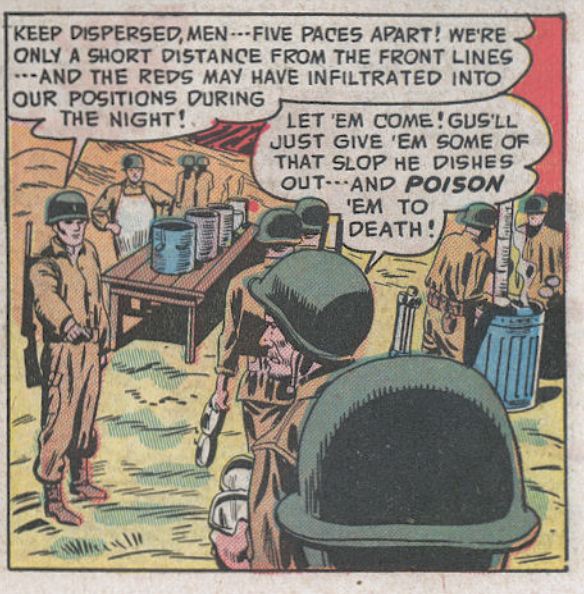

THEN, IN A SUDDEN UPWARD SURGE···
ZOOOOMMM!
BUT WHEN THE MIG ATTEMPTS TO FOLLOW···
BAR-ROOOM!
MOMENTS LATER···
F···FRANK ···ARE YOU OKAY?
IT'S MY SHOULDER··· MITCH! I MUST'VE CAUGHT A SLUG IN THAT LAST BURST! START BACK FOR THE BASE! I··· I'LL MAKE IT OKAY!
THAT'S THE CAPTAINS SHIP COMING IN BEHIND···HE'S IN TROUBLE! HE'S GONNA CRASH!
BRRUNNNNNCHHHH!
WHEN FRANK IS PULLED CLEAR···
YOU RISKED YOUR NECK TO SAVE MY WORTHLESS HIDE! IT WASN'T WORTH IT! YOU WARNED ME, BUT I FIGURED I KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS!
I'LL BE OKAY, MITCH···AND I SAY IT WAS WORTH IT! I THINK YOU LEARNED SOMETHING TODAY··· SOMETHING YOU WON'T FORGET!
YOU BET I LEARNED SOMETHING! FROM NOW ON I'M FLYING ONLY ONE WAY···AND THAT'S BY THE BOOK!
ROGER, MITCH! THE AIR FORCE GOT ITSELF A PILOT NOW··· A REAL PILOT!
THE END!
G.

UNSUNG HEROES of BATTLE

GUS the COOK'S PRIVATE WAR!





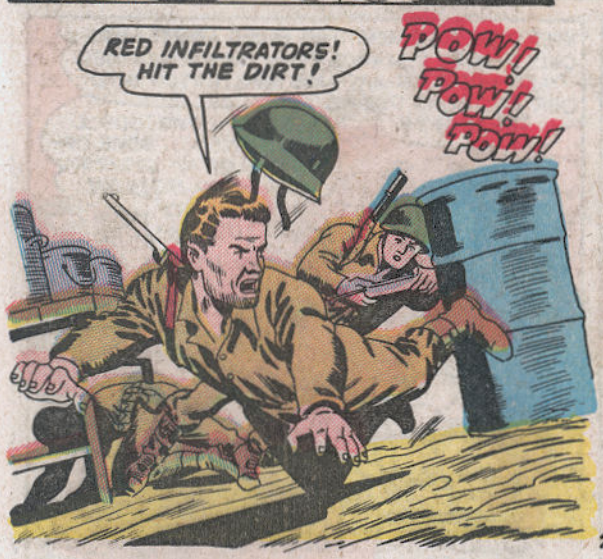



OH, NOT THIS GUNK AGAIN, GUS! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ---WE'RE ON YOUR SIDE!
YEAH, BUT HE'S NOT ON OURS---HE'S OUR REAL ENEMY! WE OUGHTA SHOOT HIM FOR TRYIN' TO FEED US THIS TRIPE!
ONE--- TWO--- THREE---


THE KOREAN MUD WE'VE BEEN EATIN' TASTES BETTER'N THIS!
YOU OUGHTA BE OUT IN THE FOXHOLES AN' HAVE TO COME BACK TO EAT THIS SLOP, GUS---MEBBE THEN YOU'D KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE HUNGRY!
---EIGHT ---NINE ---TEN


PFOOEY! WHY DON'T YOU KEEP YOUR SHOES OUTA THE HASH GUS?
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I CAN'T TAKE THIS RIBBIN' ANY MORE, LOOTENANT--- I WANNA BE RECLASSIFIED!
SIMMER DOWN, GUS! THE BOYS COMPLAIN, BUT THEY EAT THE STUFF! THEY KEEP COMING BACK FOR SECONDS AND THIRDS, DON'T THEY?


YEAH, BUT WHY DO THEY SAY THOSE THINGS ABOUT ME AN' MY FOOD? I GOT SOME PRIDE! SOMETIMES I WISH I WAS OUT IN THE FRONT LINES, INSTEAD OF BACK HERE!


RED INFILTRATORS! HIT THE DIRT!
POW! POW! POW!


THERE'RE TOO MANY OF 'EM---FALL BACK TILL WE GET SOME SUPPORT!
RATATATATAT!


FALL BACK---AND LET THOSE RATS WRECK MY FIELD KITCHEN?
NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
GUS---GET BEHIND HERE, YOU FOOL!
AARGHHH!
IF THIS BOILIN' WATER CAN STERILIZE MESS-KITS---MAYBE IT'LL CLEAN UP SOME DIRTY REDS!
YIIII!
GET AWAY FROM MY KITCHEN, BLAST YOU---GET AWAY!
BRATATATATAT!
FLEE FROM THE WILD ONE--- BEFORE HE SLAYS US ALL!
BRATATATATAT!


AS THE FIRING DIES OFF IN THE DISTANCE···
WHERE'S GUS··· DID HE COME BACK YET?
NAW···THE LAST ANY OF US SAW OF THE BLAMED FOOL, HE WUZ CHASIN' THE REDS OFF INTO THE WOODS!
POOR GUS···HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE ALL ALONE!
POOR US···WE'VE LOST THE BEST COOK IN THE WHOLE 8TH ARMY!
YEAH···WE RIBBED HIM, BUT HIS FOOD WAS JUST OUT OF THIS WORLD··· THE BEST I'VE EVER TASTED ANY-WHERE!
WE'RE GONNA MISS GUS'S COOKIN'···AND I'M SURE SORRY FOR THE WAY WE TREATED HIM!
YEAH···IF WE HADDA BLOW OFF STEAM, WHY'D WE TAKE IT OUT ON POOR GUS? MAN, BUT I COULD I GO FOR SOME OF HIS COOKIN RIGHT NOW!
WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL CHOW-TIME!
GUS! YOU OLD FOOD-POISONER···ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WHY IN BLAZES DID YOU RUN AFTER THEM REDS LIKE THAT ···WERE YOU TRYIN' TO COMMIT SUICIDE?
NAW! ONE OF THEM COMMIES TRIED TO MAKE OFF WITH THIS···AN' I WASN'T GONNA LET 'EM GET AWAY WITH THE MEAL I WAS SAVIN' FOR MY BOYS! AFTER ALL, HOW CAN I BE THE BEST COOK IN THE 8TH ARMY IF I AIN'T GOT ANY-THIN' TO FILL YOUR BELLIES WITH?
OH, NOT THIS SLOP AGAIN, GUS!
THE KOREAN MUD WE'VE BEEN EATIN' TASTES BETTER!
G'WAN···YOU BOYS CAN'T GET ME RILED ANYMORE ···NOW THAT I KNOW YOU REALLY LOVE THE STUFF!
THE END!
4

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